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G.I. JOE

52 BIG PAGES

G.I. Joe

ANC

"ATTACK AT DAWN!"

Joe's Hairbreadth Escape



No. 13

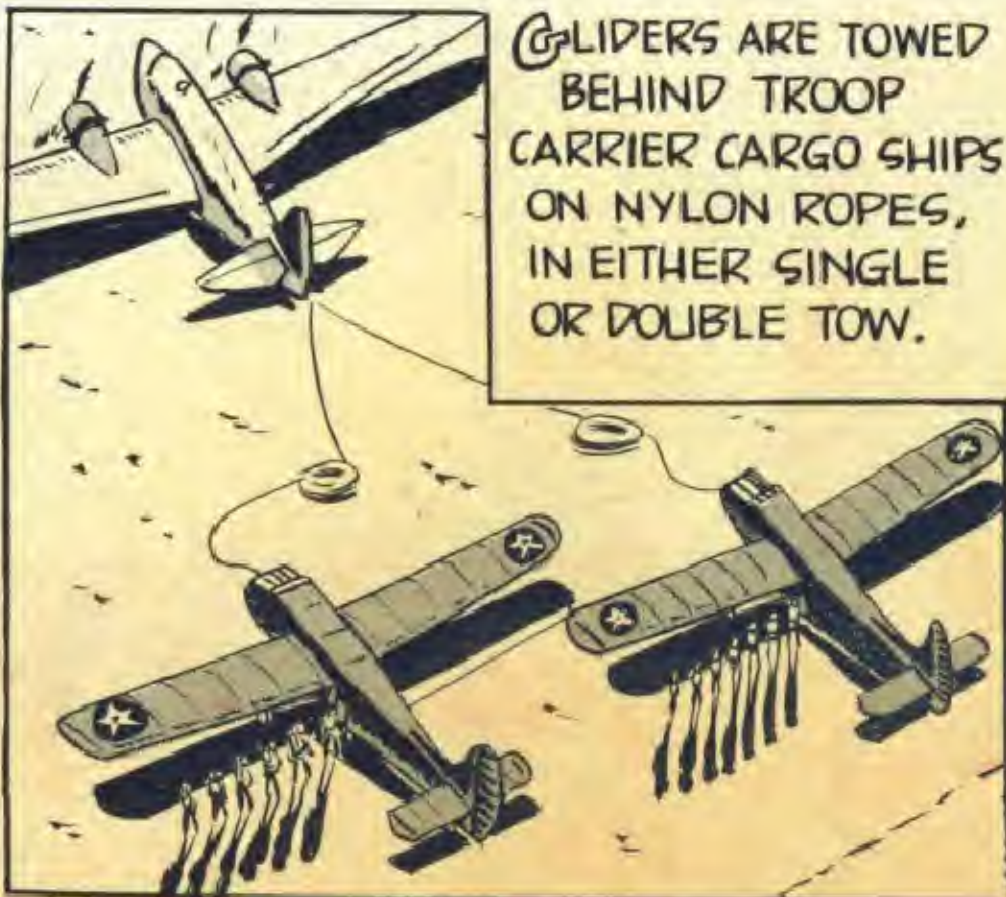
AUGUST-
SEPTEMBER



Dames and Bullets Don't Mix
KOREAN MATA HARI

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

how The GLIDER INFANTRY FIGHTS



GLIDERS ARE TOWED BEHIND TROOP CARRIER CARGO SHIPS ON NYLON ROPES, IN EITHER SINGLE OR DOUBLE TOW.



I HEAR THIS RIDE IS GONNA BE ROUGH, BOY!

HA! COULDN'T BE WORSE THAN D-DAY, OR THAT RHINE JUMP!

OVER THE DESTINATION, THE GLIDERS FLY IN SO LOW THAT THE ENEMY FIRES AT THEM WITH EVERY WEAPON... EVEN SIDEARMS! THE GLIDER PILOT CUTS LOOSE, CIRCLES DOWN THROUGH THE SMOKE AND FIRE, SEARCHING FOR A CLEAR LANDING SPOT....

AND THEN COMES THE CRUCIAL TWO MINUTES.... THE LANDING! THE GLIDER HITS, AND THE PILOT DIGS ITS NOSE INTO THE GROUND, STOPPING IT IN A FEW YARDS! MANY GLIDERS CRASH INTO OBSTACLES, BUT THEIR LIGHT CONSTRUCTION CAUSES FEW INJURIES TO THE MEN!



BEFORE THE GLIDER STOPS SKIDDING, THE TROOPS LEAP OUT, UNDER FIRE FROM THE SURROUNDING ENEMY! THE TWO GLIDER PILOTS THEN BECOME INFANTRYMEN, AND FROM HERE ON DO AN INFANTRYMAN'S JOB WITH THE OTHERS!

AND AT LAST BEGINS THE JOB THE GLIDER TROOPER IS THERE FOR... CUTTING COMMUNICATIONS, WIDENING THE BEACH-HEAD, AND HOLDING ON GRIMLY TO THIS PATCH OF VITAL TERRITORY UNTIL THE GROUND FORCES BREAK THROUGH TO ESTABLISH CONTACT!



HIT THE DIRT, BOYS! TAKE COVER!



OKAY, BOYS.... CLEAN THE RATS OUTTA THAT HOUSE SO WE CAN CUT THEM LINES BEHIND IT!

WHEN RUGGED MEN ARE NEEDED IN A HURRY, AT CRITICAL POSITIONS BEYOND THE LINES, YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND THEM READY AND WILLING.... AMERICA'S FINEST FIGHTING MEN, **THE GLIDER TROOPS!**

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G. I. JOE, No. 13, AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, published bi-monthly, by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois. William B. Ziff, Chairman of the Board; B. G. Davis, President; Vice-Presidents—Michael H. Froelich, Director Eastern Division; H. J. Morganroth, Production Director; Lynn Phillips, Jr., Advertising Director; H. G. Strong, Circulation Director. A. T. Pullen, Secretary-Treasurer. Herman R. Bollin, Art Director. Executive and Editorial Office, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Jerry Siegel, Director Comics Division. Single copies 10c. Application for second class entry pending at Post Office, Chicago, Ill. Subscription rates: In the U. S., Canada, Mexico, South and Central America and U. S. Possessions, \$1.00 for 12 issues; in all other countries \$2.00 for 12 issues. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. The Publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

G.I. Joe

in

ATTACK at DAWN

G.I. JOE BURCH AND HIS SIDEKICK, SERGEANT MULVANEY, DISCOVER THAT FIRST IMPRESSIONS CAN BE VERY WRONG CONCERNING OUR UNITED NATIONS ALLIES... ESPECIALLY IN THE CASE OF A CERTAIN LITTLE FRENCH FIRST-SERGEANT!



IN AN EXCHANGE OF MEN, A "GET-ACQUAINTED WITH OUR U.N. ALLIES" CAMPAIGN IN KOREA, JOE AND SERGEANT MULVANEY FIND THEMSELVES ATTACHED TO A FRENCH INFANTRY UNIT... AND UNDER ATTACK BY THE ENEMY!

THE ATTACK IS ABOUT OVER, SARGE!

YEAH, JOE... WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN! THESE FRENCHIES AIN'T BAD FIGHTERS, AT THAT!



LOOK AT HIM, WILL YA?

THAT'S JACQUES, THE FIRST SERGEANT OF THIS OUTFIT. AIN'T HE A CHARACTER?

ALLEZ!! FILS DU CHIEN!





A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SO, MES AMIS, ZE ATTACK, SHE IS FINISHED! BUT I MUST TELL YOU, WIZ GREAT SORROW, OF ZE DEATH OF OUR BELOVED LIEUTENANT!

WONDER WHO THAT LEAVES IN COMMAND, JOE?



I AM IN COMMAND, SARRJONT MOOLVANEY!!

--- I, PIERRE JACQUES!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, SARGE... IT'S YOUR ARMY! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?!



NOW, WE REST AND WE FRESH UP OURSELVES! AND AT DAWN, WE ATTACK! AND I, PIERRE JACQUES, WILL LEAD THE ATTACK WIZ ZE SWORD OF OUR DEAD LIEUTENANT!

DID HE SAY ATTACK, SARGE?

YOU HEARD HIM! BUT IT'S CRAZY... WE CAN JUST ABOUT HOLD THIS POSITION. THEY GOT US WAY OUTNUMBERED OVER THERE....!



I DO NOT ALLOW MY MEN TO QUESTION MY ORDERS, SARRJONT! BUT SINCE YOU ARE, IN A WAY, OUR GUESTS, I WILL EXPLAIN: ZE LAST EXPECTATION OF ZE ENEMY IS AN ATTACK... WE WILL SURPRISE ZEM! SO WE ATTACK, AND POOF! WE KEEL ZEM ALL!

BUT... YOU'RE TAKIN' A CHANCE ON A MASSACRE...!

THE GUY MAY BE RIGHT, SARGE! ANYWAY, IT'S HIS SHOW!



SO! NOW, WE CLEAN OUR UNIFORMS, WE CLEAN OURSELVES, AND WE SHAVE! IF PERHAPS WE MUST DIE LIKE SOLDIARS, WE MUST ALSO TO LOOK LIKE SOLDIARS!

SHAVE?! AT NIGHT! WHY, FOR THE LUVVA...?!

YOU NUTS OR SOMETHIN', JACQUES? WE AIN'T GONNA SHAVE JUST BECAUSE YOU...

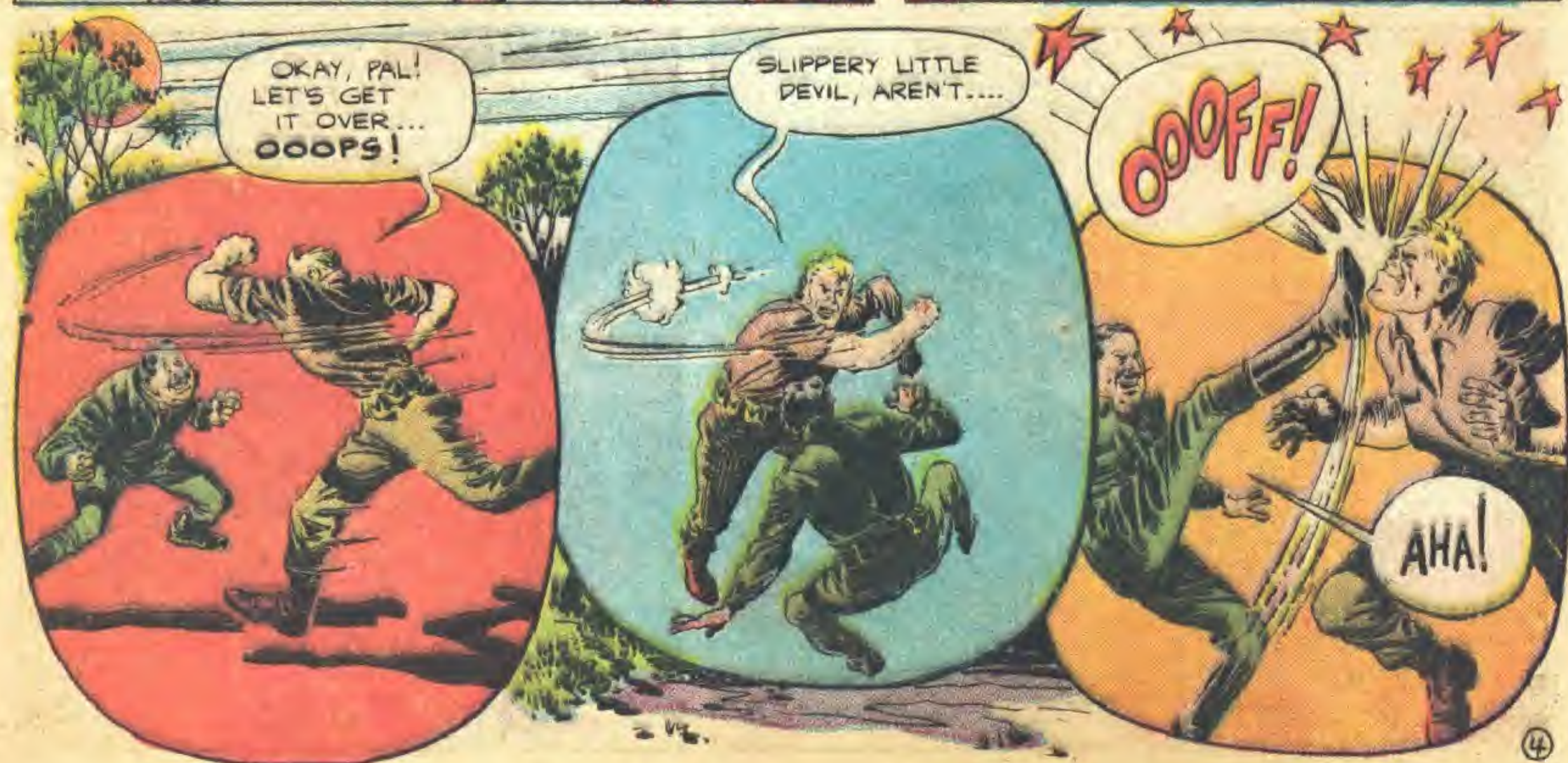


SARRJONT MOOLVANEY! PRIVATE BURCH! YOU ARE UNDAIR MY COMMAND! IT IS AN ORDAIR! YOU WILL SHAVE!!

WHY, YOU LITTLE HALF PINT, I OUGHTA...!

RELAX, JOE... HE'S RIGHT! IT'S AN ORDER, AN' WE GOTTA DO IT!





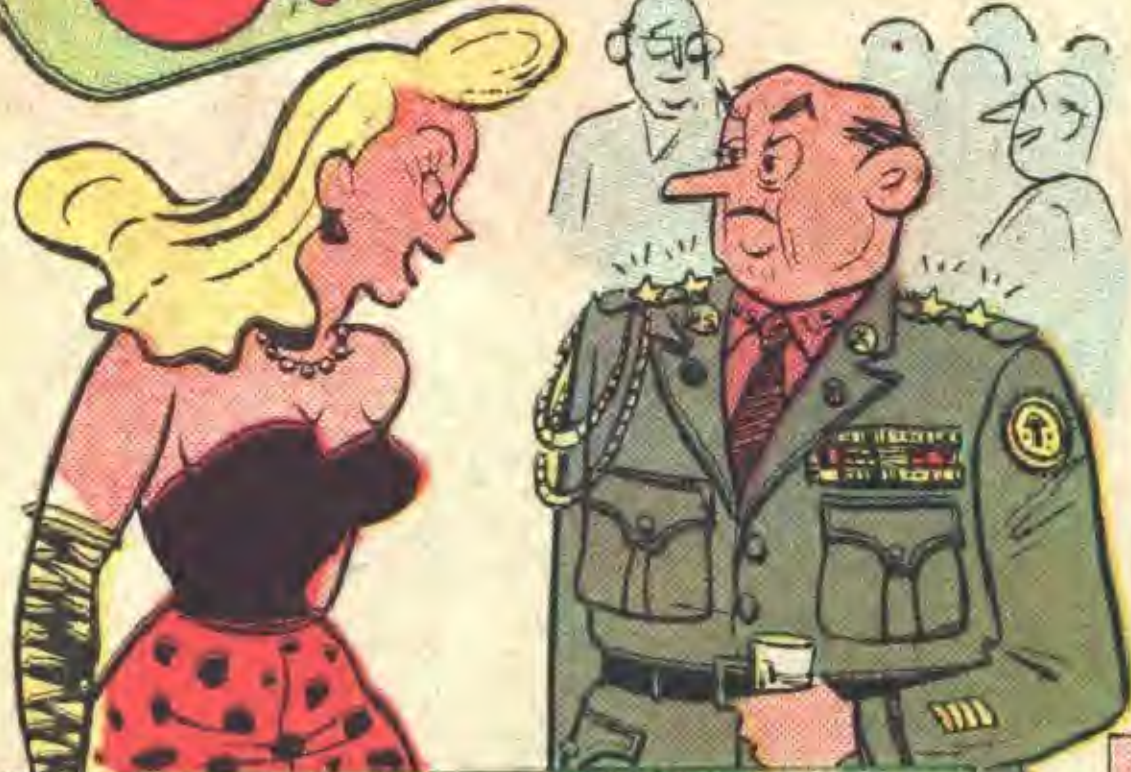








G.I. GIGGLES



"WHY, GENERAL, YOU NAUGHTY BOY!
NO GOOD CONDUCT RIBBON?"



MUSEUM



"I HEAR THEY'RE GOING TO USE THEM AGAIN, AFTER
THEY'RE MELTED DOWN, OF COURSE."



"...AND NOW, FOLKS,
THE LATEST WAR BULLETIN."



"BUT I JUST GOTTA WEAR IT, SIR,
MY GIRL MADE IT FOR ME."



"THIS IS ALL MY MATER'S DOINGS.
PERSONALLY, I'LL BE VERY HAPPY
WHEN I'M A CIVILIAN AGAIN."



NOW ON SALE EXCITING! THRILL-PACKED!

WILD BOY

**NO.
12**

PRINCE OF THE JUNGLE!

Read - See!

WILD BOY caught between cruel
vengeance of a Jungle God and cold
fury of a vicious killer! Will he be a sacrifice
to the Pagan Idol or the victim of a burning bullet as . . .

"TERROR RULES THE JUNGLE!"

Extra

**JOE BARTON in
"THE BRUTE'S LAST FIGHT!"**



Giant pythons—a pit of savage starving lions or the death-tipped spears of the strange Wazuri warriors! What will be Joe Barton's fate?

PLUS

WILD BOY meets the
"KILLERS OF THE
JUNGLE!"

WILD BOY and the "ICE
AGE MEN!"

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How to survive in the Jungle
Jungle Oddities
A Friend In Need
Jungle Weapons

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185 N. WABASH AVENUE - CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS



G.I. JOE AND SERGEANT MULVANEY ENJOY A WELL-EARNED REST WITH THEIR OUTFIT IN A TOWN SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE LINES...

WHAT'S NEW IN THE WORLD, SARGE?

H.Q.

WHO KNOWS? THIS PAPER IS THREE MONTHS OLD! SAY, I HEARD THEY CAUGHT THAT FEMALE SPY RIGHT HERE IN TOWN. THE ONE THEY CALL THE **KOREAN MATA HARI!**

YEAH? WONDER HOW? I THOUGHT NOBODY KNEW WHAT SHE LOOKED LIKE!

MULVANEY!
BURCH!

OH-OH! THE COLONEL! LET'S MOVE, BOY!









WOWW! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN-- SOME LEGS!

YOU DON'T GET IT, SARGE! THEM LEGS-- THEY'RE THE LEGS IN THE PICTURE!

BUT I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE GOING BACK INTO ACTION SOON. GETTING MORE REPLACEMENTS, AREN'T YOU?



ARE YOU NUTS? A GIRL FROM **BROOKLYN**-- SHE'S NO SPY!

DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, SARGE. I'M A CONNOSEWER OF GAMS! THEM LEGS ARE **THE ONES!** THERE'S JUST ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE. I'LL TALK TO HER, AND YOU **PEEK** DOWN HER BACK AND SEE IF SHE'S GOT A BIRTHMARK!



MEZ! WHY NOT **YOU?**

'CAUSE I'M THE GUY WHO KNOWS ABOUT WOMEN! I'M THE GUY WHO CAN FEED HER A LINE THAT'LL KEEP HER FASCINATED WHILE YOU DO THE PEEKIN'! COME ON!

SAY, WHAT'RE YOU BOYS WHISPERING ABOUT?



OH, ER-- WE WERE JUST MAKIN' A BET WHICH OF US COULD TALK YOU INTO A DATE FOR TONIGHT-- AND I GET FIRST CHANCE!

WELL, LET'S TALK ABOUT THAT LATER! NOW ABOUT YOUR OUTFIT-- YOU'LL BE LEAVING FOR THE FRONT IN THREE DAYS, WON'T YOU?



NEVER MIND THAT-- LET'S TALK ABOUT **US!** NOW, IF WE WERE IN BROOKLYN TONIGHT--

BUT, I'M **INTERESTED** IN THE WAR! I JUST WANT TO KNOW--



WE'D BE DANCING AND I'D BE LOOKING INTO YOUR EYES-- LIKE **THIS!**

BROTHER! WHAT A LINE **YOU'VE** GOT!









GIVE IT THE OLD COLLEGE TRY, JOE!

I NEVER WENT TO COLLEGE --



-- BUT I BEEN TO THE MOVIES A LOT!

GOT 'ER!

EEEEEEK!



WHEN THE DUST CLEARS...

SO! CHASING WOMEN IN THE STREETS, EH?

THE COLONEL-- AND THE GENERAL!

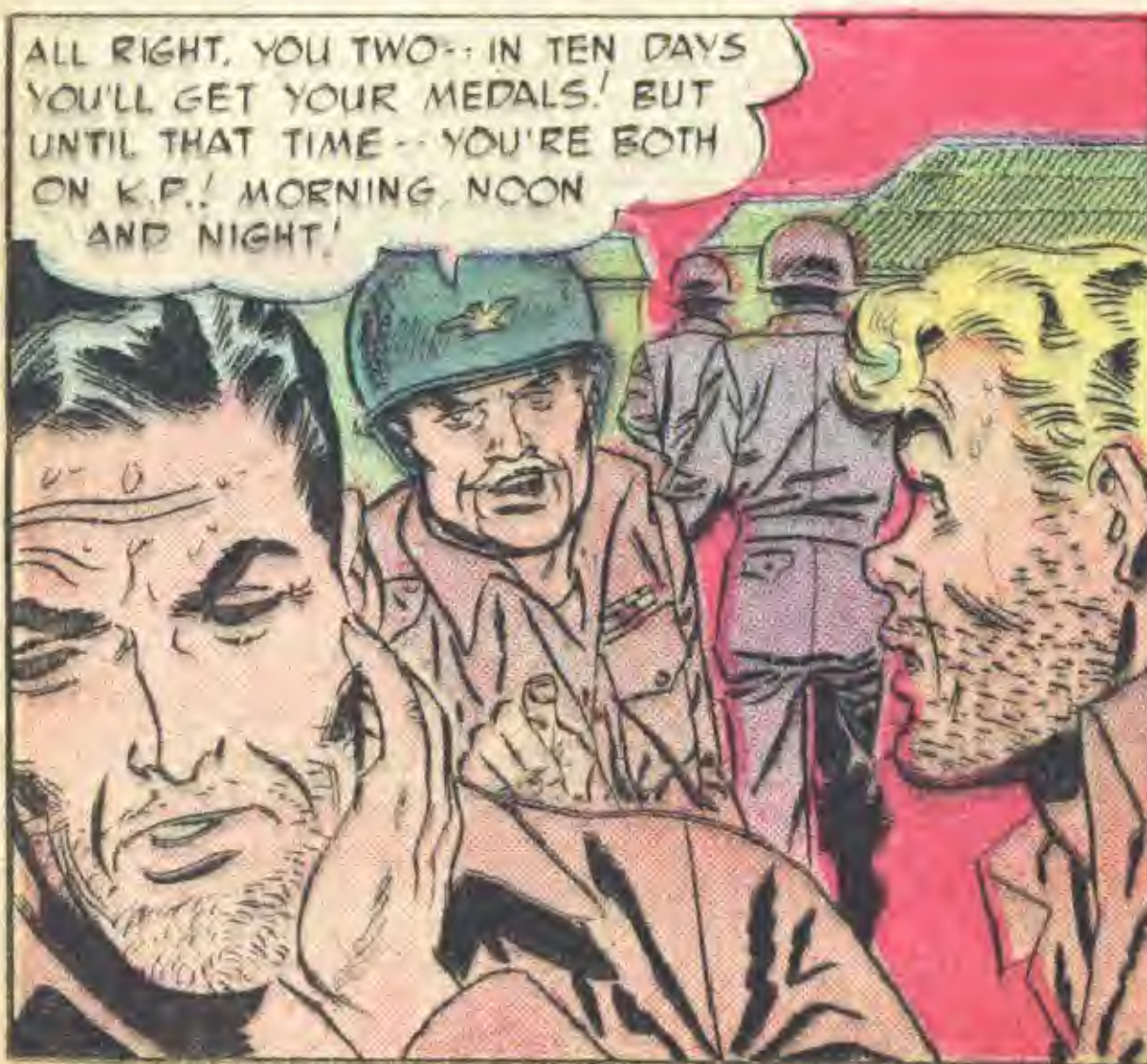
BUT, SIR! THIS IS THAT SPY-- THE KOREAN MATA HARI! YOU TOLD US TO...



WELL! I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THE COLONEL HAD ALREADY CAPTURED THIS WOMAN! BUT, NEVERTHELESS, YOU MEN DID A FINE JOB! I'M RECOMMENDING DECORATIONS, AND I'LL BE BACK TO GIVE THEM TO YOU IN TEN DAYS!

THANK YOU, GENERAL!

WELL, YOU SEE, I DID CAPTURE HER, GENERAL, BUT THEN -- WELL, I --



ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO-- IN TEN DAYS YOU'LL GET YOUR MEDALS! BUT UNTIL THAT TIME-- YOU'RE BOTH ON K.P.! MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT!



SEE, JOE, ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT 'EM DAMES IS TROUBLE!

The End



WHEN THE ENEMY OUTNUMBERS PRIVATE JOE BURCH AND HIS THREE-STRIPED BUDDY, SERGEANT MULVANEY... THE ENEMY HAD BETTER BEWARE. WITH JOE AND THE SARGE AROUND, THEY ARE LIKELY TO FIND THEMSELVES...

AMBUSHED!

ON A DANGEROUS, LONELY PATROL BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES, JOE AND THE SARGE MAKE A DISCOVERY...

SARGE, LOOK! THOSE ARE GUYS FROM OUR OUTFIT! THE COMMIES GOT THEM DOWN THERE!

YEAH! BUT—WHAT'RE THEY DOIN'? THEY GOT OUR GUYS DIGGIN' SOME KINDA TRENCH...

CAN'T YOU GUESS, SARGE? THOSE SAVAGES ARE MAKING OUR BOYS DIG THEIR OWN GRAVES!

WHAT? THEM DIRTY...! LEMME GET A SHOT AT...!



QUIET DOWN, MULVANEY!
-- A PURPLE HEART WOULDN'T
LOOK GOOD ON YOU. AND
BESIDES, YOU MIGHT HIT
OUR BOYS! LISTEN...
I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

OH, NO! NONE OF YOUR
FANCY SCHEMES, JOE. THEY
ALWAYS WIND UP WITH US
STICKIN' OUR NECKS OUT...



BUT AS USUAL, JOE HAS HIS WAY,
AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!
BUT IF YOU GET YOURSELF
KILLED, DON'T BLAME ME...

IT'LL WORK! BUT
FOR PETE'S SAKE, SARGE,
DON'T FORGET TO
WHISTLE!



SERGEANT MULVANEY WATCHES
TENSELY, AND THEN...

HERE HE COMES!
WHAT A SCREWBALL
THAT BURCH IS!
BUT YOU GOTTA
HAND IT TO HIM...

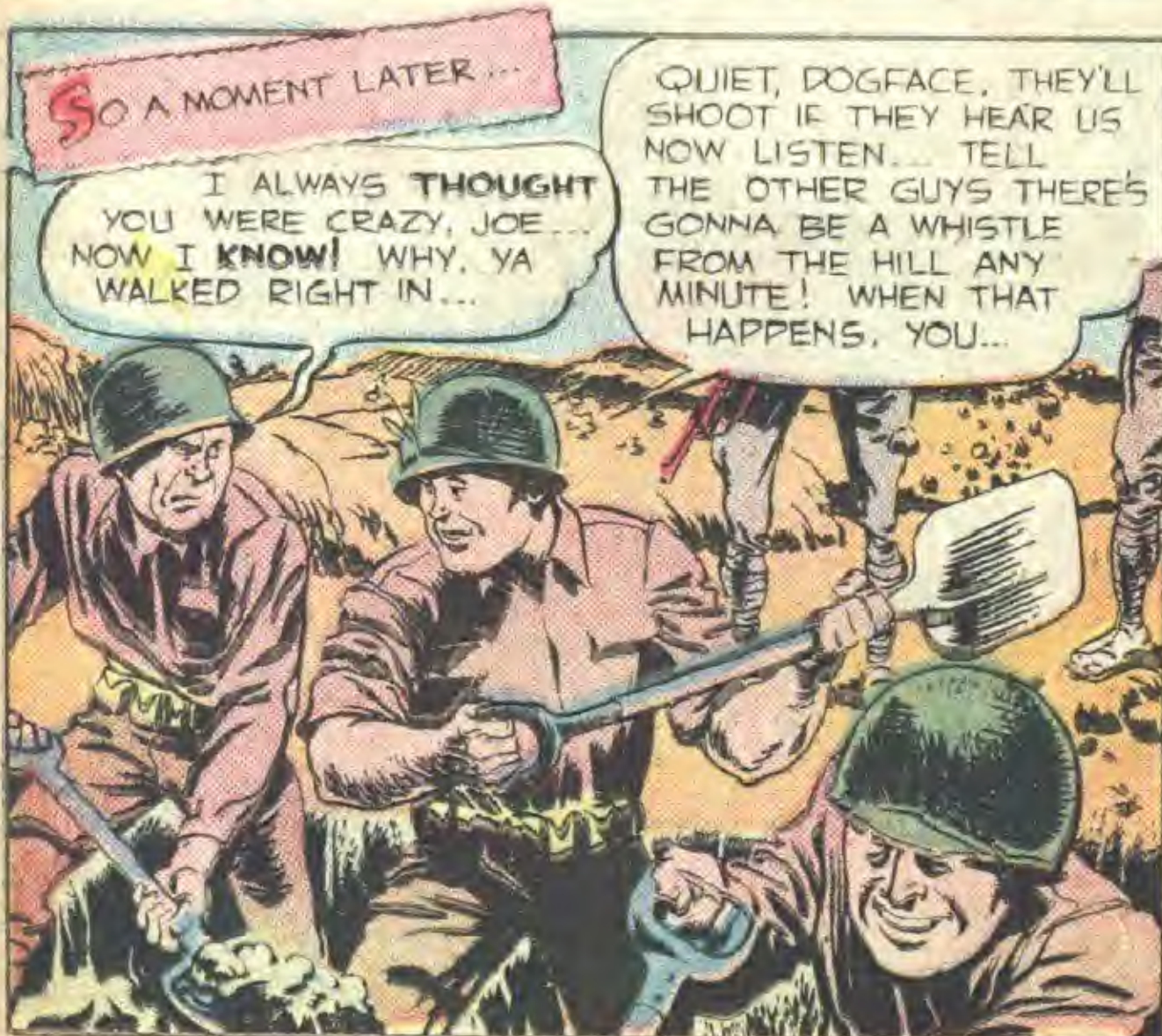
I DOWANNA WALK WITHOUT
YOU BAAABY! DA DE DUM
DE DA DA DEE!...



ENEMY
HERE!
I KILL!

OOOPS! WAIT... I...
SURRENDER! DON'T SHOOT!

DO NOT
SHOOT! THROW
HIM IN GRAVE WITH
REST.. GIVE HIM
SHOVEL!



SO A MOMENT LATER...

I ALWAYS THOUGHT
YOU WERE CRAZY, JOE...
NOW I KNOW! WHY, YA
WALKED RIGHT IN...

QUIET, DOGFACE, THEY'LL
SHOOT IF THEY HEAR US
NOW LISTEN... TELL
THE OTHER GUYS THERE'S
GONNA BE A WHISTLE
FROM THE HILL ANY
MINUTE! WHEN THAT
HAPPENS, YOU...



ANY MINUTE NOW!
GET SET, YOU MUGS...

SILENCE!
I SHOOT
NEXT MAN WHO...





TRAINEE TIPS

"OBSTACLE COURSE"

"OBSTACLE" IS TOO MILD A WORD TO DESCRIBE THE ARMY'S OBSTACLE COURSE! YOU'LL HUFF AND YOU'LL PUFF.. BUT IT WILL MAKE A BETTER FIGHTING MAN OF YOU!

THE IDEA BEHIND THE OBSTACLE COURSE IS TO TOUGHEN EVERY MUSCLE IN YOUR BODY. FOR INSTANCE, AT THE BEGINNING YOU MAKE A DASH...



COME ON, YOU KNUCKLEHEADS, RUN! GET SOME MUSCLES INTO THOSE PIPE-STEMS YOU USE FOR LEGS!

THEN COMES A LITTLE NIFTY TO WORK OUT A LOT OF MUSCLES YOU NEVER EVEN KNEW YOU HAD...



AWRIGHT! NOW CRAWL UNDER THAT BARBED WIRE...

NEXT IS A "HOP-SKIP-AND-JUMP" MANEUVER THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF THIS GAME...



COME ON! SWIVEL THEM HIPS... SPEED IT UP!

FROM THERE YOU MOVE ON TO THE SCALING WALL. THE WALL STRENGTHENS BACK AND SHOULDER MUSCLES, HELPS CO-ORDINATION...



TO DEVELOP BALANCE, THE "FALLEN LOG" IS USED...



OH, MY ACHING BACK! WHEN ARE YOU GUYS GOING TO LEARN HOW TO WALK?!

FINALLY YOU REACH THE MONKEY LADDER, A SURE METHOD OF BUILDING STRONG WRISTS AND HANDS...



AS A FINAL TIP, DON'T EVER TRY "SHORT CUTS". THEY'RE BOOBY TRAPPED!



WE'LL RUN AROUND--OOPS!

UGH! A CONCEALED WIRE! BOY, ONLY THE ARMY COULD THINK UP SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

FIRE FIGHT

"All right," said Tommy Clark sourly, "so we're what the Army calls 'expendable.' Somebody's got to go out on patrol. It's just our tough luck that we were assigned to the infantry instead of a quartermaster depot. Do you expect to live forever?"

Corp. Jock Campbell shrugged his shoulders. "Not forever, Sarge. But I do think I'd look charming, sitting in a rockin' chair on the porch of the Old Soldiers' Home while a pretty nurse combed my long gray hair."

"Nuts!" growled Clark. "You sound like you're ready for a Section Eight."

"Do ya think you could fix one up for me, Sarge?"

"All right, let's cut the comedy, Jock." The sergeant set his jaw grimly. "Tell the rest of the guys to get the lead out of their feet. We've got to get the trucks rolling in twenty minutes. We expect plenty of reinforcements in a couple of days. We'll have a lot of men and equipment to get up into the hills when they arrive. The Old Man wants to have the whole deal neatly wrapped up when Colonel Roberts brings his boys in. We've also got to give him a rough idea of enemy emplacements, the condition of the roads, and anything else we can pick up."

Jock turned away from Tommy and walked off, calling over his shoulder. "Okay, I'll check on the detail. The boys should be finished loading the trucks by now."

Within half an hour Tommy and Jock were on their way north, bumping along the primitive Central Korean roads in a jeep, while two half-tracks followed close behind them, each carrying a dozen GI's complaining loudly about the discomfort of having to find seats atop a pile of securely lashed-down drums of gasoline.

The tiny cavalcade halted on the banks of a small stream, to break for lunch. Pfc. Johnson groaned loudly as he rubbed his aching back. "Hey, Sarge," he appealed, "can't we get rid of those murderin' cans? They're about as comfortable as sittin' on a spiked fence!"

"Sorry, kid," answered Tommy. "Orders are to take them to the top of that ridge across the river and stash them there. When our troops roll up this way, they'll pick them up. All patrols are doing the same—carrying gas as far up as we can to build up a supply."

The jeep and half-tracks plowed their splashing way through the shallow waters of the stream and headed up the rocky side of the steep hill which marked the beginning of a deep ridge of mountains barring the way before them.

On their way up, the jeep and trucks had to stop several times to allow the straining engines to cool off, and at each stop Tommy and Jock had the men fan out on both sides of their halting place to note any details of the terrain which might be of use to an advancing force.

At the third halt, Jock turned to Tommy. "Don't you think it's funny that we haven't seen any Reds yet? Where are they, do you suppose?"

Tommy gestured northward. "Up there, according to Air Observation, they reported that the commies are regrouping after we threw them back last week, and that's one of the reasons we were sent out on this patrol. The old man wants to know whether they're planning to make a stand or getting ready for an attack. He's worried about that. Because he figures they've got enough men to roll right over us if they hit before our reinforcements show up."

"What's he doing about it?" grumbled Jock.

"Nothing," Tommy shook his head. "What can he do? He's got orders to hold our position at Won Bong until the reinforcements arrive. So if they attack, it's just too bad."

At sunset Tommy ordered a halt for the night, refusing to take his noisy little group of vehicles further into unknown country where enemy patrols might be moving. Next morning they started off again as soon as the first streaks of dawn appeared, and by the time the sun was fully risen they had reached the top of the ridge, their first objective.

Jock bustled about, directing the men in their job of unloading the trucks of their drums of gasoline, and then began a hunt for spots which showed some natural cover, where shallow trenches could be dug to store them.

In the meantime, Tommy lay on the highest part of the ridge, flat on his stomach, his eyes staring fixedly through a powerful pair of binoculars which he kept moving back and forth so that they covered the entire length and breadth of the small bowl-like hollow which separated their ridge from the next rocky rise of land. From time to time

Tommy turned to a crude map he had drawn, which lay beside him, and made notes of the various elements that made up the enemy forces.

After a while, Jock, careful to keep himself from being silhouetted against the sky line, crawled Indian-style to Tommy's side.

"We're all unloaded," said Jock. "How about coming back to look over the spots I've picked out as caches?"

Tommy shook his head, without removing the binoculars from his eyes. "Not yet," he replied. "I don't like the looks of what's going on down there. From the way they're grouped, they could be just getting in some kind of formation that doesn't mean anything, but at the same time it *could* mean that they're getting ready to move out."

"Toward us?"

"Where else?" asked Tommy. "They're headed this way, and this is the way back to Gadong. If they're heading for our forces and want a fight, this is the only way they could come."

"That means," commented Jock, "that we're Number One on the casualty list."

Tommy grinned. "Right! You've got two dollars—do you want to try for four . . . Wait a minute!" he broke off excitedly. "They're moving! Here! Look!" He handed the binoculars to Jock, while he signalled double-time to the men around the trucks, who instantly unlimbered their M-1's and crawled to him.

Tommy took the binoculars from Jock and returned them to his case. "Don't need these any more," he said tensely. "They're perfectly visible with the naked eye, now that they're stretching out to move up the hill. It'll take them about half-an-hour to get up here, I figure, so that's the time margin we've got to get back to our own lines. Come on."

Tommy, Jock and most of the men began crawling backward off the top of the ridge toward where their vehicles were parked. Suddenly Tommy turned and called back to the single soldier still lying on the ledge, staring down at the lengthening line of Red vehicles beginning to move relentlessly up the side of the hill.

"Hey, Kelly," he called. "Come on. What are you waiting for?"

Kelly jerked his head nervously. Tommy, knowing that this was the youngster's first experience against enemy action, began creeping back toward him, when the soldier snapped his rifle to his shoulder and threw a shot down the side of the

hill, right at the first vehicle headed for them!

The sides of the small hollow seemed to ring and reverberate with the bark of the shot. Instantly the Red cars stopped, and a moment later a rain of shells began, showering up the side of the hill and over the edge of the ridge!

Swiftly Tommy and Jock deployed their men along the edge of the cliff, after Tommy's quick glance told him that their trucks were right in the middle of the barrage of bursting shells, and had been hit so badly that they couldn't be used.

The Red barrage continued relentlessly for fifteen minutes, while the Americans huddled under whatever cover they could find while still keeping the enemy within sight.

"How does it look, Tommy?" asked Jock.

"Rotten," Tommy answered shortly. "If one of those shells hits the drums of gas, then we're . . ." He broke off suddenly, a wild hope flooding his eyes as he ran back, heedless of the enemy barrage, to start rolling gas drums to the edge of the cliff. Jock stared for a second, then jumped to help Tommy, calling the others to assist them.

When all the drums were lying on their sides, precariously balanced on the very edge of the cliff, Tommy quickly broke in the head of one drum, splashing gasoline over the outsides of the others. Then he drew back, lit a handful of paper and threw it at the drums, which blazed up furiously in huge masses of flame!

"Shove!" yelled Tommy, pushing at the flaming barrels with a dead tree branch.

As the hurtling masses of fire went roaring down the side of the hill, the iron drums' booming clatter adding to their terrifying aspect, they hit the first of the Reds' ammunition cars, which went up with a great roar. The eagerly watching Yanks saw the Red soldiers leap from their vehicles and run for the far ridge of hills, scrambling and struggling to get away from the flaming death which was hurtling at them!

In half an hour there was not a Red soldier to be seen. Tommy and Jock, seated comfortably in the leading Red vehicle, were headed back toward their camp, followed by a long string of other Red cars, each driven by another one of their patrol group.

"Yeah, I know," said Jock unhappily in reply to Tommy. "I know Riordan will make captain and I'll probably make sergeant. But I'd trade it all for a week-end pass to Chicago!"

THE END

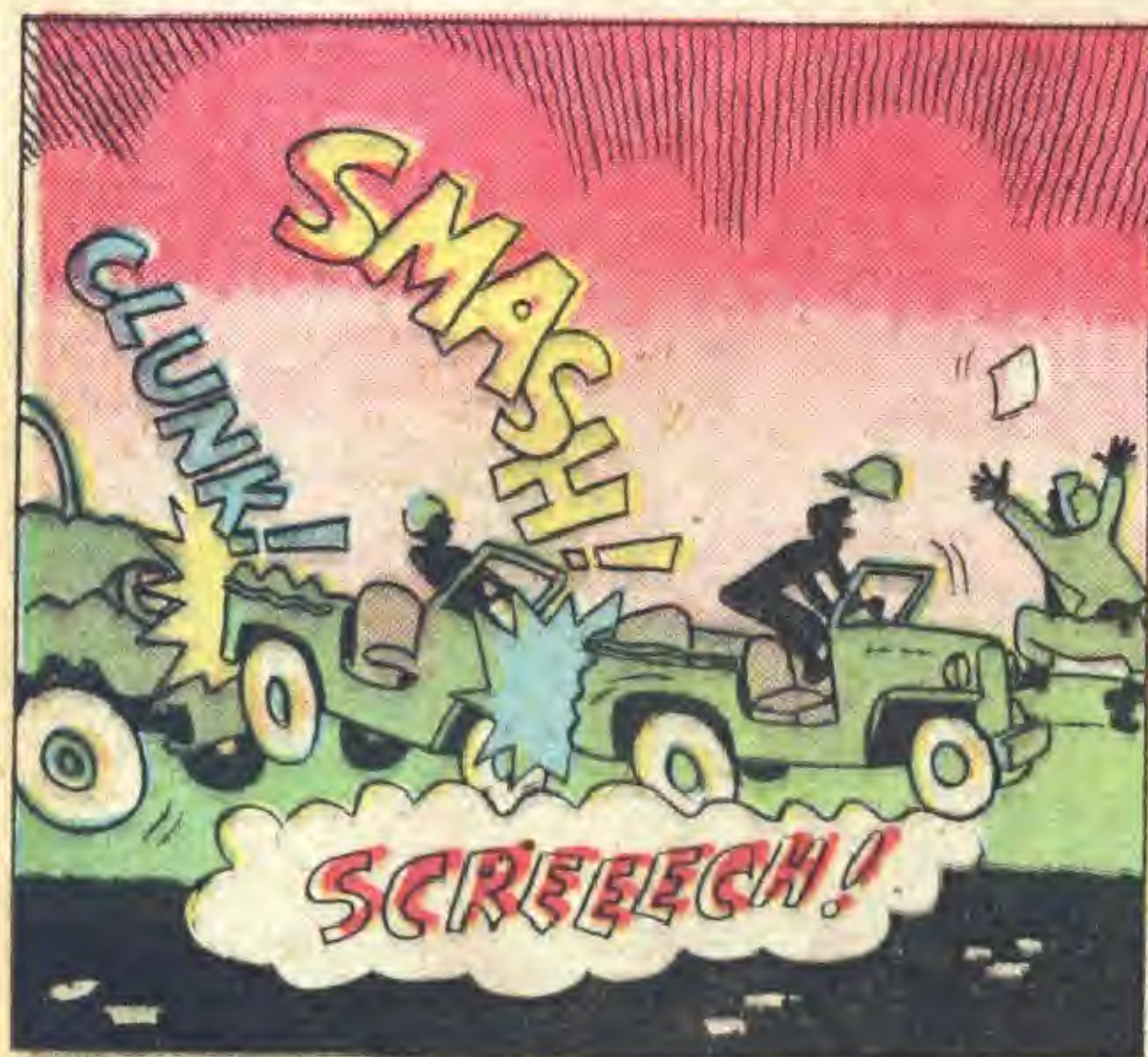
The YARDBIRDS













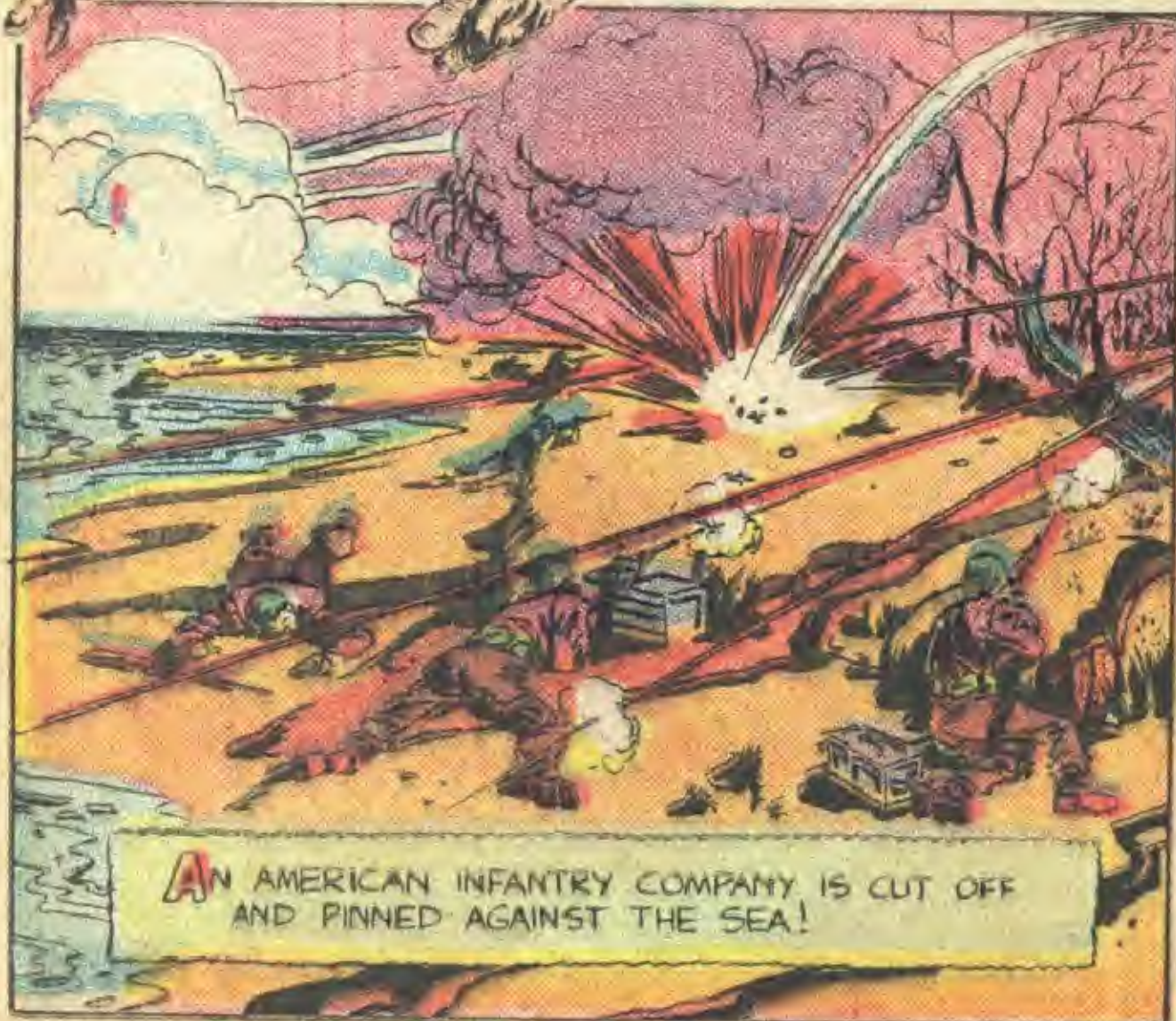






PRIVATE JOE BURCH, THE TOUGHEST DOGFACE
IN ANY MAN'S ARMY, FINDS HIMSELF ALL AT SEA
WHEN HE BECOMES...

ADMIRAL G.I. JOE!

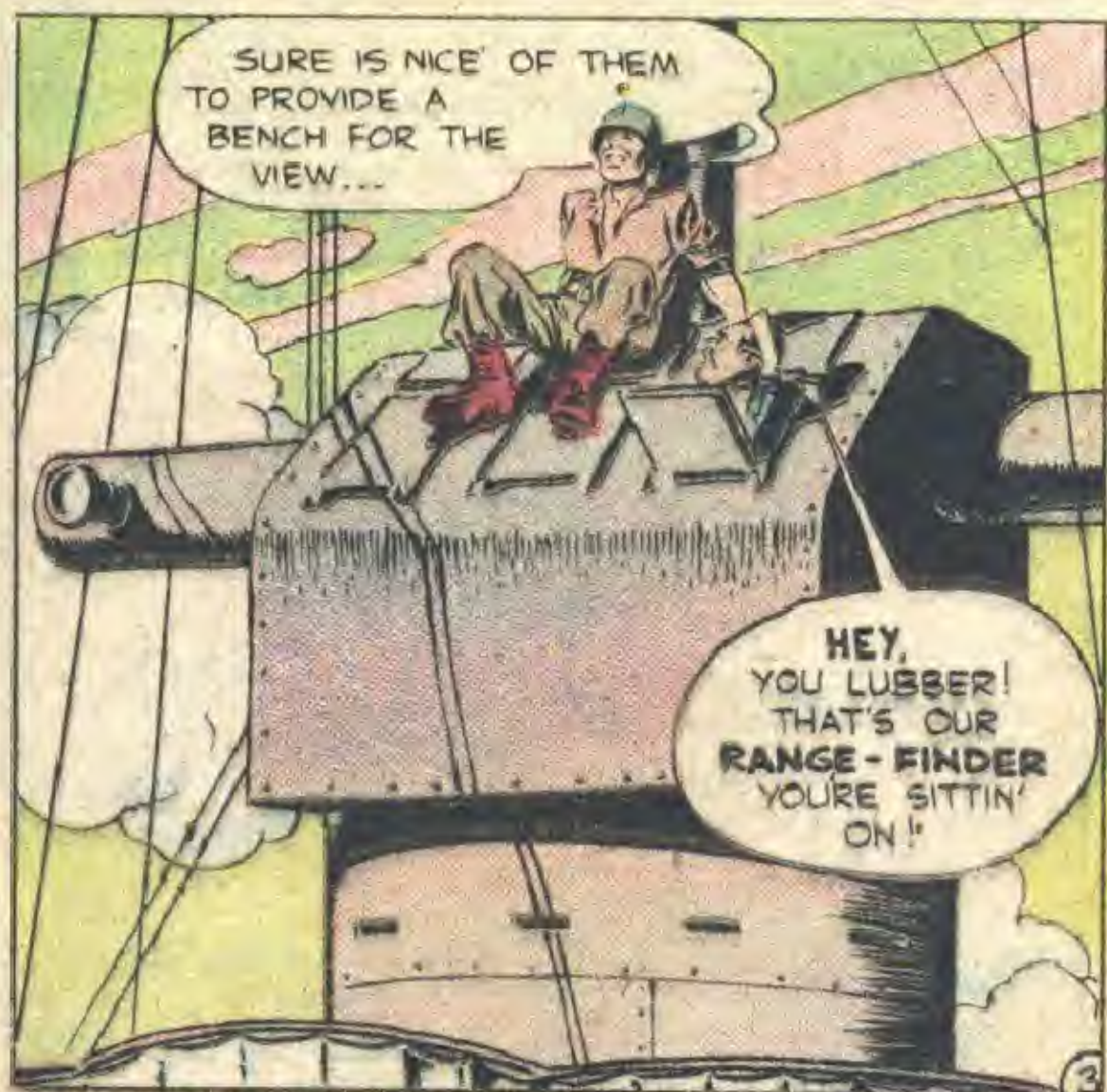


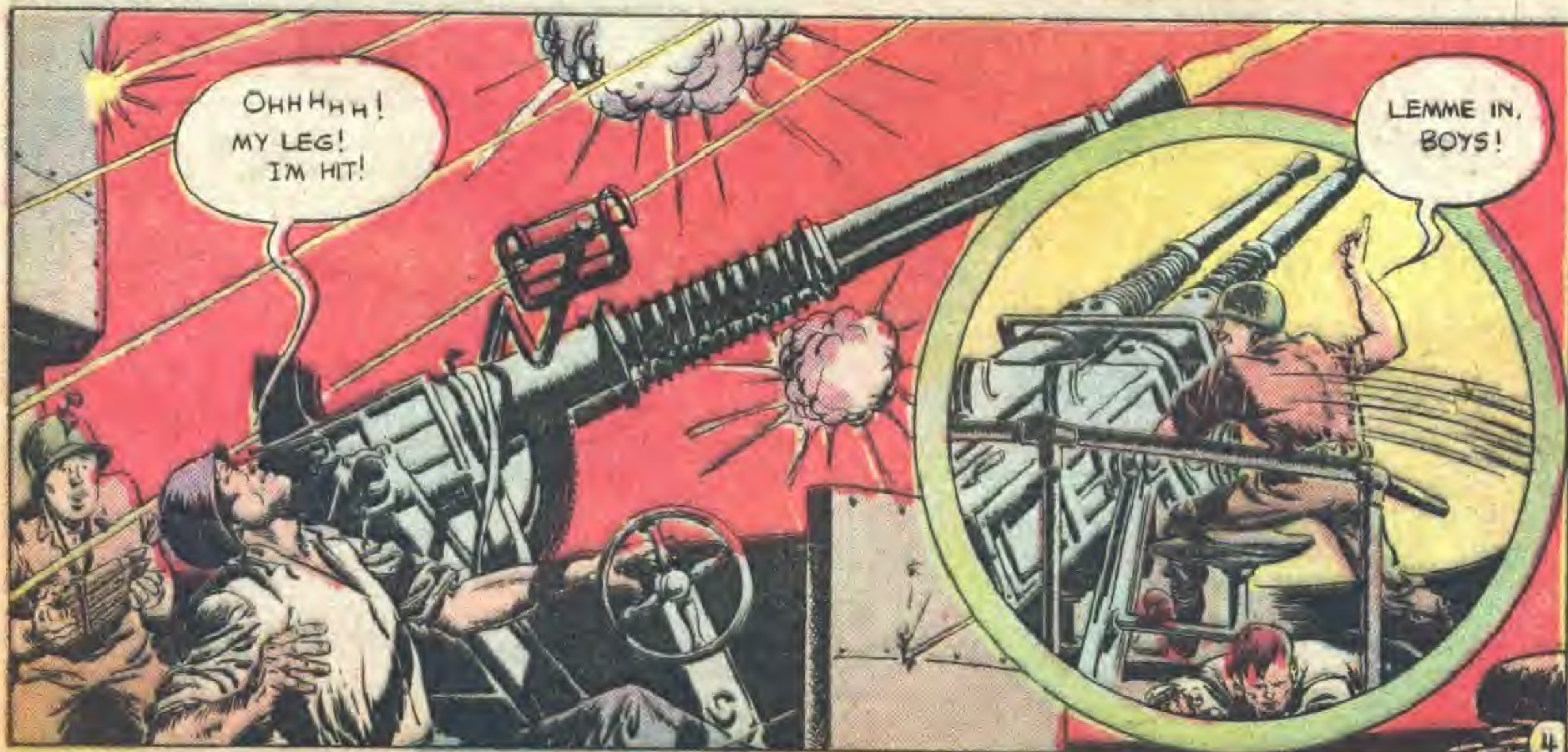
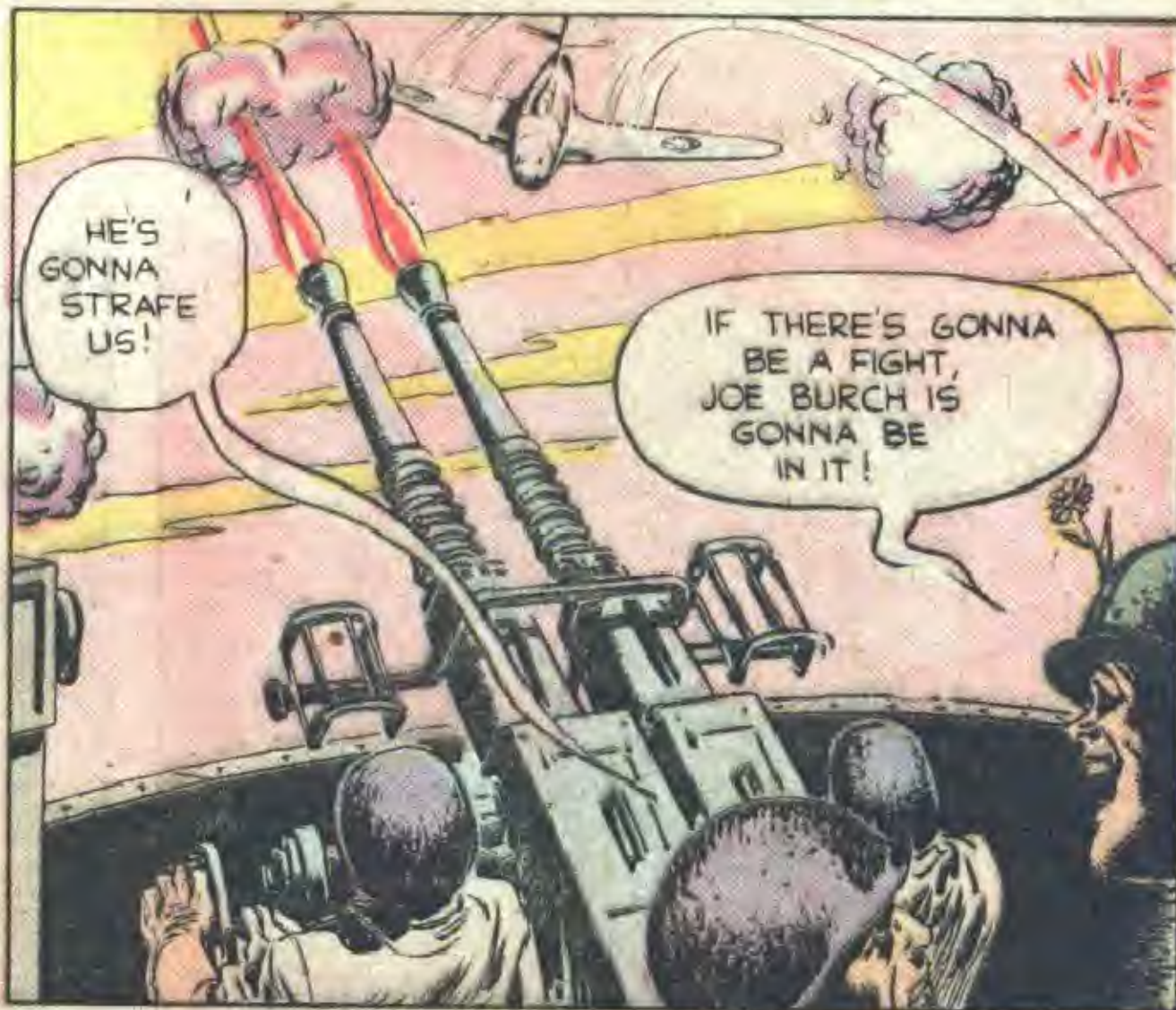
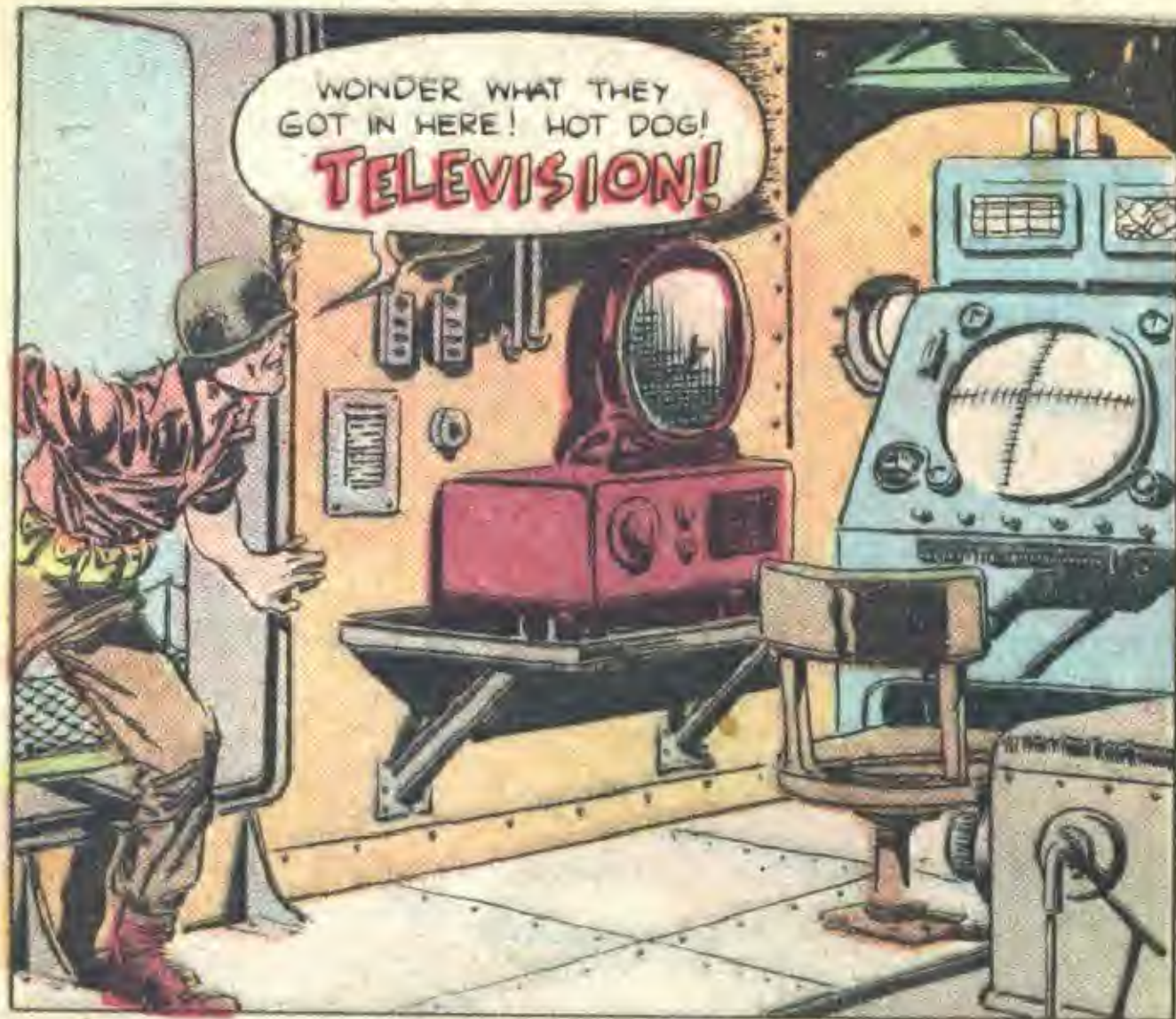
AN AMERICAN INFANTRY COMPANY IS CUT OFF
AND PINNED AGAINST THE SEA!

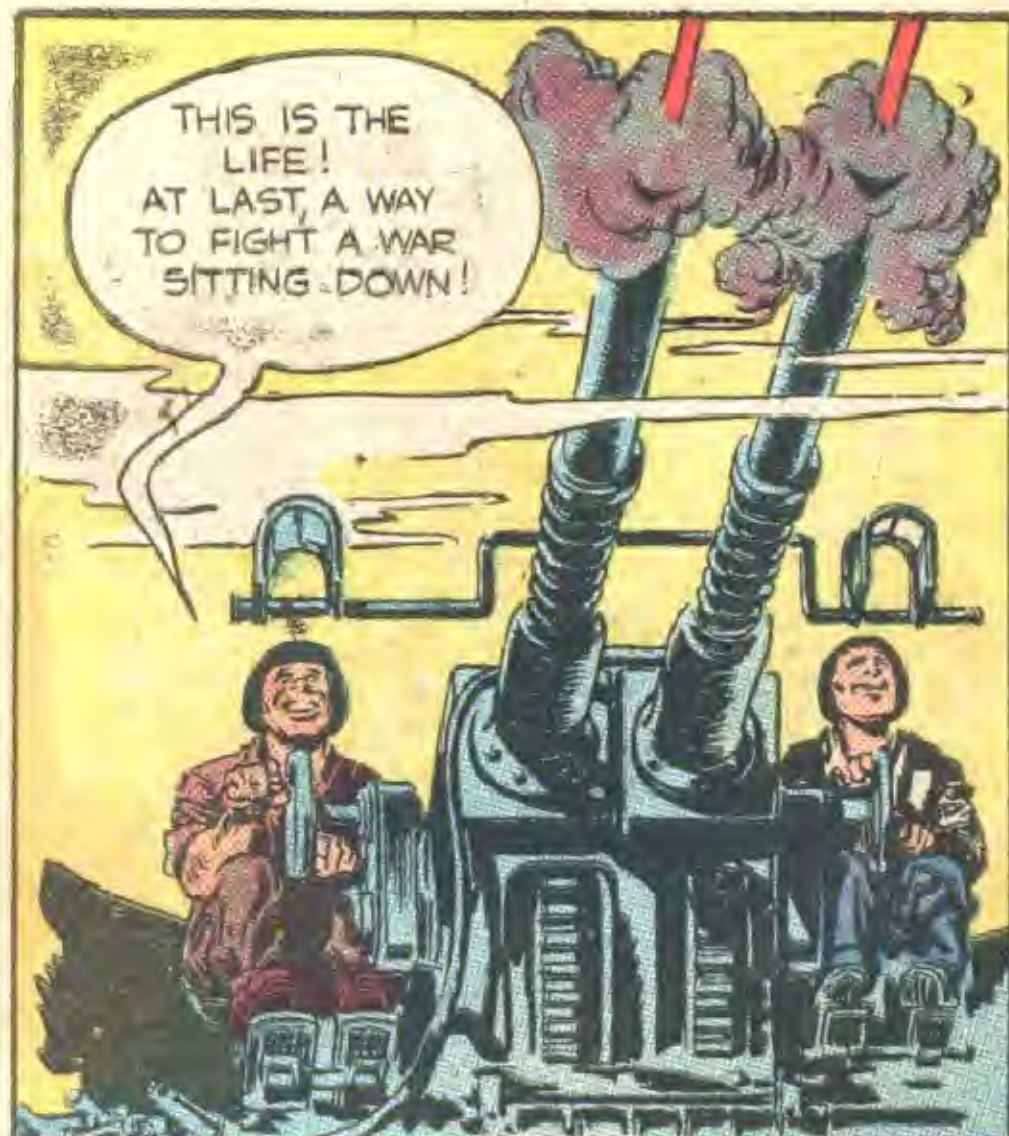


WE'RE CUT
OFF WITH NOTHIN'
BUT AN OCEAN TO
RETREAT INTO, AND
TO TOP IT OFF YOU
GOT TO PICK THE
SAME HOLE
I DO!

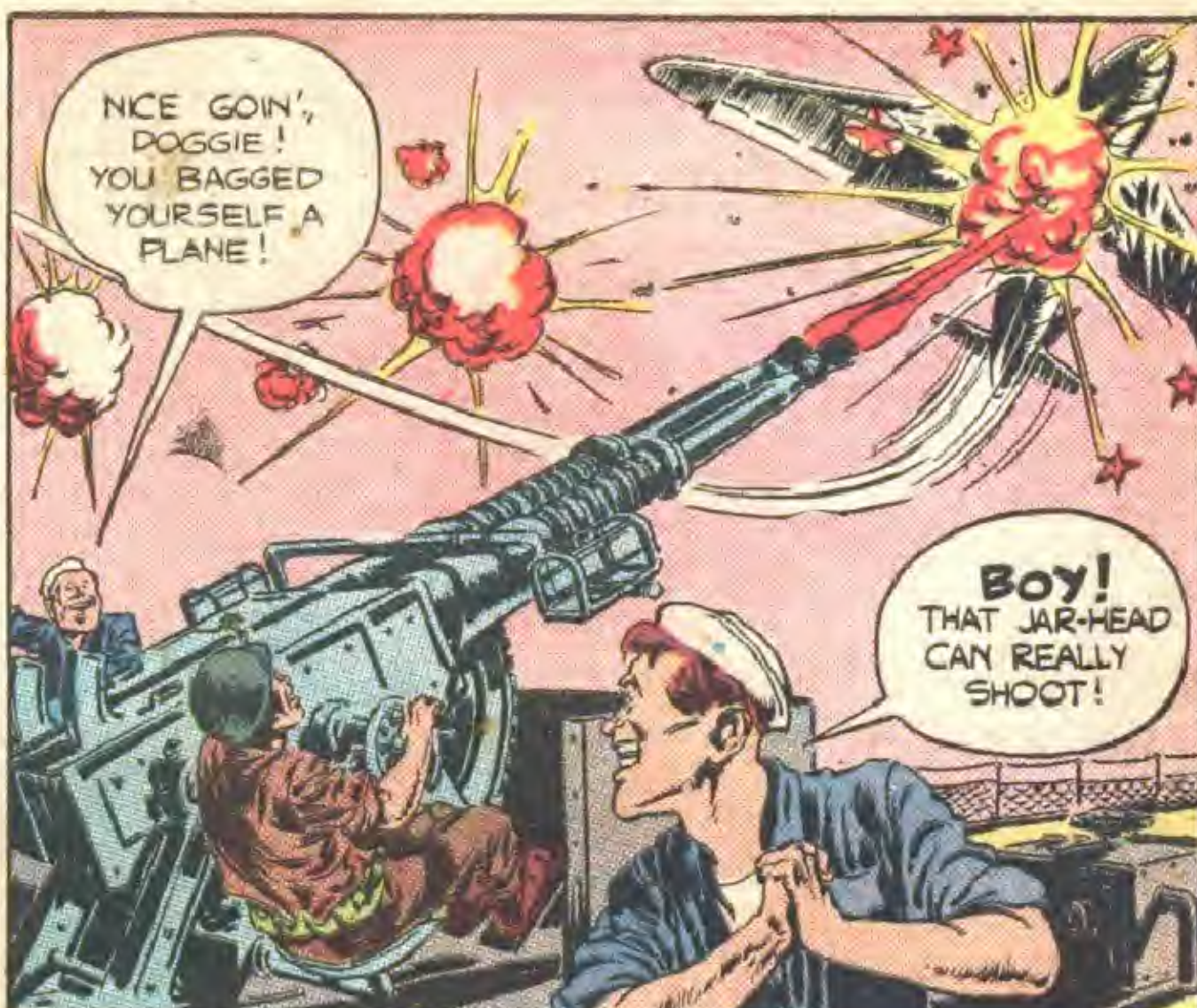








THIS IS THE LIFE!
AT LAST, A WAY
TO FIGHT A WAR
SITTING DOWN!



NICE GOIN',
DOGGIE!
YOU BAGGED
YOURSELF A
PLANE!

Boy!
THAT JAR-HEAD
CAN REALLY
SHOOT!



IT'S SIMPLE, IF YOU'RE
A MARKSMAN!
NOW, BACK ON THE
RIFLE RANGE...

THERE YOU ARE,
JOE! COME ON!
WE'RE GOING
BACK TO THE
BEACH!



BACK TO THE
BEACH? AW, SARGE,
JUST WHEN I WAS
BEGINNING TO
ENJOY
THE CRUISE!

WE'RE GOING TO
LOCATE THE COMPANY,
RADIO THE DESTROYER,
AND GET FIRE-SUPPORT
TO BLAST US OUT
OF THE HOLE!



THERE'S THE MOUTH OF A
LITTLE STREAM THERE! THAT'S
WHERE I'LL LET YOU GUYS OFF!

IF THAT
MACHINE-GUNNER
ZEROES IN ON US, WE'LL
NEVER MAKE IT!



GOT
HIM!

I STILL LIKE THE WAY
THE NAVY FIGHTS! I
SHOULD HAVE BEEN
AN ADMIRAL!

